daughter, I would speake with her, go you call hither my foole; O you sir, you sir, come you hither, who am I sir?

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you whoreson dog, you slaue, you curre.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beseech you pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me you rascall?

Stew. Ile not be strucke my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou seru'st me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, you haue wisedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay and thou canst not smile as the winde sits, thou'lt catch colde shortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banisht two of his daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my coxcombe, how now nunckle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, ide keepe my coxcombe my selfe, theres mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed sirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is, a dog that must to kennell, he must bee whipt out, when Lady oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gull to me.

Foole. Sirra, ile teach thee a speech. *Lear.* Do.

Foole. Marke it Vnckle; haue more then thou shewest, speake lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more then

thou goest, learne more
throwest, leaue thy drink
and thou shalt haue more
Lear. This is nothing
Foole. Then like the br
nothing for it; can you n
Lear. Why no boy, no
Foole. Prethee tell him,
he will not beleeue a fool
Lear. A bitter foole.
Foole. Dost thou know
ter foole, and a sweete foo
Lear. No lad, teach me
Foole. That Lord that
Come place him heere by
The sweete and bitter foo
The one in motley here, t
Lear. Dost thou call me
Foole. Al thy other Titl
borne with.
Kent. This is not altog
Foole. No faith, Lords
a monopolie out, they wo
will not let me haue all fo
me an egge Nunckle, and
Lear. What two crow
Foole. Why after I haue
the meate, the two crown
crowne in the middle, a
thy asse on thy back ore t
crowne, when thou gaue
my selfe in this, let him b
Fooles had nere lesse wit
For wise men are growne
They know not how thei
Their manners are so apis
Lear. When were you

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